

FLOPHOUSE (1990)

you haven't lived
unless you've been in a
flophouse
with nothing but one
light bulb
and 56 men
squeezed together
on cots
with everybody
snoring
at once
and some of those
snores
are so
deep and
gross and
unbelievable —
dark
snotty
gross
subnormal
ultra wheezings
from hell
itself.

your mind
almost breaks
under that
sound

and the
intermingling
stinks:
hard
unwashed socks
pissed and
shitted
underwear

and over all
a slowly turning
waft of
air (?)
much like that
emanating from
uncovered
garbage
cans.

and those
bodies
in the dark

fat and
thin
and
twisted

some
legless
armless

some
mindless

and worst of
all:
the total
absence of
hope

it shrouds
over
them
covers them
totally.

it's not
worth
it.

you get
up

go out

walk the
streets

up and
down
sidewalks

past buildings

around the
corner

and back
up
the same
street

thinking

these men
were all

babies
once

what
happened
to
them?

and what
has
happened
to
me?

it's dark
and cold
out
here.